

SALEM

ROUND ABOUT SALEM.

The News of a Day Boiled Down.

ROANOKE TIMES BUREAU,
DILLARD & PERSINGER BLDG.,
SALEM, VA., Jan. 13.

A marriage license was issued to-day from the county clerk's office to Joseph Cephas Lovern and Mary Elizabeth Hoover, both of Roanoke county.

James McClannahan was fined \$4 yesterday by Mayor Younger for fast driving on College avenue.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Salem Improvement Company will be held at their office on College avenue, Thursday, January 28, at 11 a. m.

Messrs. Nicholas and Beale were hastily summoned Tuesday night to Roanoke, to the bedside of the mother of Mr. Nicholas, who is critically ill.

Rush U. Derr was in Salem Wednesday for a few hours.

At a stockholders' meeting of the Salem Loan and Trust Company Wednesday, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: R. D. Martin, president; W. T. Younger, vice-president; Directors: R. D. Martin, W. T. Younger, W. Lee Brand, L. C. Hansbrough, W. H. Shuff, G. J. Ligon, D. T. Martin, W. M. Nelson, George M. Muse.

Mrs. W. H. King, who has been visiting in Chattanooga, has returned to Salem.

At the stockholders' meeting of the Farmer's National Bank, held Tuesday, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: James Chalmers, president; F. H. Chalmers, vice-president; Directors: James Chalmers, F. H. Chalmers, J. C. Langhorne, W. T. Younger, R. B. Mooreman, S. F. Simmons and W. H. Rutherford.

The annual celebration of the Democratic Literary Society of Roanoke College will be held in the town hall, Tuesday, January 19, at 8 p. m. The speakers for the occasion will be: President, C. B. Cannaday, Roanoke; first orator, E. Ashby Shenck, Luray; debaters, T. F. Rawls, of Georgia, and W. H. Greener, of Burke's Garden, Va.; final orator, James B. Sharitz, Wytheville. The public are cordially invited to attend.

C. L. Watts has moved into the store next to the postoffice.

Wednesday morning a member of Mr. Z. Boon's family had hung on the back porch a cage containing a pet canary bird, highly valued for his strong, sweet notes. Shortly before noon a big chicken hawk swooped down on the cage, and with cruel talons and hungry beak, drew the head of the poor little songster through the bars of the cage and decapitated him. Then he was disturbed by a man with a rifle who fired twice at the feathered cannibal as he arose high into the air, but missed him. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon the hawk was seen perched in a tall tree, and Mr. Jimmie Boon had the satisfaction soon after, of tumbling him into the mire by the aid of a trusty shotgun well aimed.

414 PEOPLE DROWNED.

The Steamer Natchow Goes Down in Chinese Waters.

LONDON, Jan. 13.—[Special]—A dispatch received here to-day from Hong Kong, stating that the steamer Meifoo has arrived at that port bringing the intelligence of the loss of the steamer Natchow off Cupeni Points. The Meifoo reports that the shaft of the Natchow broke supposedly at a point where it emerges from the hull. This allowed the water to rush into the shaft and make its way to the engine room, then into the fire room. The steamer's fires were soon extinguished, and she settled rapidly. The water continued pouring in unchecked and in a short time the vessel foundered.

The Natchow was employed in the trading locality in China seas, and she had on board a very large number of Chinese passengers. She sank so rapidly that it was impossible to launch her boats, even had she had enough to carry all hands on board.

When she went down she carried with her 414 passengers, every one of whom was drowned. The steamer was officered by Europeans, and her crew also consisted of sailors, firemen, etc., from the different European countries. They stood at their posts to the last, and did everything possible to save their vessel. All went down with the steamer.

A Lyncher Acquitted.

AMINGDON, Jan. 13.—[Special]—The trial of Charlie Davis in the circuit court here for the participation in the lynching at Bristol of Bob Clark, the negro ravisher, resulted this morning in an acquittal. This probably ends the legal proceedings in regard to the affair, for while there are indictments against several other parties for the same offense, the case of Davis is considered as a test case.

A Virginian at Valparaiso.

PETERSBURG, Va., Jan. 13.—Among the American sailors, who were assaulted in Valparaiso by the Chilean police and rabble, was one named Davidson, whose name has frequently appeared in the press dispatches in connection with the inquiry. Davidson is a Petersburg boy and is a son of Professor Thos. B. Davidson, for many years a prominent instructor here. He enlisted at Norfolk, and was assigned to duty on the Baltimore.

A Brakeman Killed.

LYNCHBURG, Va. Jan. 13.—Spot Monroe, a white brakeman of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, was killed by a fall from a moving train this morning near Stapleton. The top of the car was slippery with frozen ice and the young man lost his footing. His body was not mutilated, and his death was caused by the shock.

FEATHER DUSTERS AND BROOMS at Andrews, Boone & Engleby's, 122 Salem avenue s. w.

Try our R. K. unbreakable lac chinneys. Andrews, Boone & Engleby, 122 Salem avenue s. w.

IN THE NAVY.

Apprentice Boys Get Good Training, Then Leave the Service.

The United States government annually educates almost two thousand boys for the navy, but a ridiculously small proportion of them ever become Jack Tars. The United States has fewer native-born sailors in its navy than has any other nation on the globe. Some of her brightest boys enter as naval apprentices at ages ranging from fifteen to eighteen. Of these perhaps forty per cent. desert before they reach the age of twenty-one, at which time their apprenticeship expires. Those who remain are eligible for examination for membership in the class in gunnery, and at least ninety-five per cent. could pass the examination if they would try. Many do not try, but as soon as their term expires look for other employment. Of those who pass and who go through their six months' term in the gunnery class a greater proportion do not go back to the navy, but seek and readily obtain employment with some of the great electric concerns. The training these boys have had, and the education they have received by the time they are competent to handle a gun has also made first-class electricians of them; for to handle a piece of modern naval ordnance, one must be an adept in electrical knowledge. The managers of electric light and power companies know this so well that the presentation of discharge papers as a gunner in the United States navy insures its holder immediate employment as an electrician, and he is sent at a good salary to manage a plant in some small town. The apprentices are not slow to find this out, and those who have any object at all in remaining think more of becoming electricians than they do of becoming either gunners or sailors.

"We have no inducements to remain here, anyway," said an apprentice on the Chicago the other day. "We have no chance to get anything higher than gunner's warrant, with a salary of one thousand eight hundred dollars a year, and but lit le chance to get that. There are few gunner's warrants, and a political 'pull' is always necessary to secure such a berth. Time was when we had at least a ghost of a chance to go to Annapolis, as three of us were chosen for that berth every year. Then we were more ambitious, for a man who gets through Annapolis may become an admiral. Unless he does he never can. The late Admiral Porter had that provision abolished, however, and we have never been able to get congress to restore it. So we see better chances on land now than we do at sea."—Detroit Free Press.

DESOLATION.

A Spot More Desolate Than the Dismal Swamp of Virginia.

"At last we are alone!" It was the man who spoke. The woman trembled and lifted her eyes to his face.

They were beautiful eyes, but they were tremulous eyes; eyes which look out from a heart which is irresolute, fearful.

He stamped with his heavy foot upon the floor of the room.

The echoes brought back in their invisible arms the sound, and let it ripple out again until it struck the walls once more, and fell into the vast void of silence.

A bat, disturbed by the unusual activity, darted from a corner and blindly dashed in eccentric convolutions about the dusty building.

Great ropes of cobwebs hung down from the ceiling, and across the corner of the room dead flies swung lightly in the hammocks the spiders had fastened there.

The dust rose in listless clouds from the shock of the heavy footfall, and sank again, overcome by its own merits. Even the air was resting.

The spirit of the desolation of desolation seemed to pervade the place.

The woman looked furtively around upon her dim surroundings and shivered.

The man laughed harshly. "Alone, I said," he growled.

"Yes," she murmured. A faint light struggled in through the great windows in front, thick with dust.

"Where are we?" she whispered, and shivered as the bat dashed into her hair.

"Listen," he replied, hoarsely; "we are in a store which does not advertise."—Detroit Free Press.

An Insect Goliath.

The bird spider of tropical America grows to be three inches in breadth, and as much as four and one-half inches in length, being the largest of the several hundred species of spiders known to naturalists. Its nest resembles those of the large caterpillars of France and Spain, and consists of a beautiful white silken tissue of several thick layers, and strengthened by very strong threads capable of arresting the flight of any small bird. In the center of this nest are placed the eggs, one thousand five hundred to two thousand in number. The creature is very powerful, and is provided with formidable instruments of attack, enabling it not only to destroy small birds and the young of larger species, as some writers have maintained, but large lizards and reptiles.—St. Louis Republic.

Knights of Labor.

There were five hard-looking men seated on a bench in City Hall park yesterday, and while four of them were asleep the fifth sat looking at his own toes. By and by along came a man who halted to ask:

"Do any of you men want work?"

"What's the pay?" asks the fifth, after a long silence.

"Why, I'll give one dollar and fifty cents a day."

"What's the work?"

"Digging a cellar."

"I don't want it."

"Don't any of the rest want a job?"

"I think not; but if you'll make the pay two dollars a day and the work picking strawberries I'll take the chance of waking them up."—N. Y. World.

—The London school board are educating 20,566 more scholars now than they were three years ago.

IKE WANTED TO FLY.

He Tried It On Until He Met With Disaster.

The other afternoon an oldish man with a satchel between his feet sat reading a newspaper in the waiting-room of the Pennsylvania depot. All of a sudden he struck a telegraph item and gave a jump. He read it over again and jumped some more. Then, as he rose up with the paper in his hand, he turned to the man next to him and exclaimed:

"Durn my hide, if Ike han't went and done it, and here it is in the paper!"

"What is it?" asked the man.

"Read that!"

"It is a telegraphic item to the effect that a young farmer named Ike Johnson, living near Red Bank, jumped off a haystack with a parachute. Parachute didn't work, and Ike broke a leg. Do you know him?"

"Know him! Why, the darned! diot is my own son!" shouted the old man as he walked around.

"Had a liking for experiments, did he?"

"Consarn him he orter broke both legs and his neck to boot! For a hull year past Ike han't bin with sour milk on the farm. He got an idea that he wanted to be a parashootist and travel around the country makin' descents. He's descended at last, and I hope he feels better!"

"It seems the parachute didn't work," observed the stranger.

"Of course it didn't work! What does Ike know about parashoots? Hang it, he don't know 'nuff to keep his balance on a three-legged milk stool! About a year ago he begun actin' up with umbrellas. He was a jumpin' off the corn crib, and the smoke-house, and the wood-shed, and he was a-busting every umbrella he could borrow for seven miles around. Well, he's parashooted at last, and he'll be on his back all the fall!"

"Yes, it will take some months for the leg to get as good as new."

"And I'll hev to pay the doctor bill, and hire somebody to dig 'taters and cut corn! Makes me so hoppin' mad I can't stand still. And the worst of it is I can't lick him when I git home. It says Ike Johnson, does it?"

"Yes."

"A young farmer?"

"Yes."

"Red hair and freckle-faced, with two front teeth out?"

"No; it doesn't give those particulars."

"I am so frustrated I can't read straight, but that's Ike. There's only one Ike Johnson in that hull county, and, durn his hide, he calls me father! The last thing afore I left home the other day I took him around the corner of the house and warned him not to do any parashooting while I was gone. He said he wouldn't, but my back was no sooner turned than he climbs to the top of a haystack and spreads his wings and comes down with a thump. I'm mighty glad on it! I wish he'd a-turned over and come down head first!"

"Perhaps this will be a lesson to him."

"I ealkerate it will! I ealkerate after I git through callin' him names and tellin' him how I mean to wallop him when that leg gets well he'll promise to drop parashootin' fur the rest of his born days and git up a fondness fur holdin' the plow and splittin' rails. Parashootin' flyin' off a haystack! Consarn his picture, but I can't wait to git home to holler and yell at him!"—M. Quad, Jr. N. Y. World.

Abridged History of Courtship.

Met him.

Met him again—in love with him.

Met him again—but no longer in love with him, but he is in love with me because I am so beautiful.

Met him again—he is still more in love with me, not only because I am beautiful, but because I am also good. Sorry for him.

Again I met him—he is colder than he was. Think he has forgotten my beauty and my goodness. I, however, am inclined to think that I am in love with him after all. How lucky he is, and how angry mamma will be!

Mamma proved to be strangely pleased. Makes me angry, for I know she is not a good judge of a young girl's heart.

Flirted with him outrageously to make mamma mad—didn't succeed.

Engaged to him—glad.

Married to him—sorry.—Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

How to Sleep on a Car.

The majority of travelers will tell you that they don't sleep soundly in sleeping cars, that they never feel rested in the morning and that night railroad trips are an abomination. This may be all true, but if they don't sleep well it is often their own fault. Very few people know how to sleep in a sleeping car. The secret is this. Sleep with your head toward the engine. By so doing you will not wake up with a headache or spend a restless night. When the feet are toward the engine the motion of the train causes the blood to settle in the head, and rest is then out of the question. The porters know this, but only on a few lines will they bother to change ends when making up berths. Insist upon their doing it and you will pass a comfortable night—that is, if you have good health and a clear conscience.—N. Y. Herald.

To Have a Good Complexion.

A great deal can be done towards having a fine and smooth complexion, by a systematic treatment of rubbing. A fine towel or a bit of red flannel are best for rubbing, twice a day, or four times, if rapid results are to accrue. By degrees—as the skin gains tone and elasticity from having thrown off the waste matter in its ducts that kept it clogged, sickly and labby—the friction can increase in energy. The skin becomes, not tougher, but more resistant. If the rubbing is too hard at first, however, it is liable to produce redness and pimples. Even slight friction will do this at times on an unaccustomed skin. But the treatment should be persevered in, nevertheless, and the skin soon becomes extraordinarily fine and smooth.—Ladies Home Journal.

THE RIVER HORSE.

How the Natives Get Away with the Ponderous Hippopotamus.

One of the circus companies now traveling in this country is in the habit during the performance of turning its immense hippopotamus out of its cage and the unwieldy animal follows its master around the hippodrome track with as much docility as a pet dog could exhibit. It is evident that in captivity the hippopotamus is anything but a ferocious animal, and the story that the late Capt. Francois, the Congo traveler, told of him as he splashes about in his native waters and suns himself on the sand banks indicates that the hippopotamus, though not a beautiful beast, still has his lovable traits. Von Francois was a German explorer, whose observations for altitudes and geographical positions in the part of the Congo basin he visited were long the most reliable data of that sort the map makers could get.

"I am not sorry," he said, "that I have not taken part in hippopotamus hunts. It seems a pity without any good reason to shoot these harmless beasts as they huddle together on the sand banks. These animals are almost incredibly innocent and unsuspicious, and they seldom take the trouble to move when they see a hunting-crocodile approaching. Though great numbers of them have been shot, the idea that the hunting crocodiles bring danger never seems to dawn upon them. Unless some restriction be soon placed upon the hunting of the hippopotami in those waters the great beasts will become so scarce as to be curiosities there. It is to be hoped that the Congo State will soon give its attention to this matter. The evil would not be so great if better use were made of the skin of the animals. Their valuable hides are seldom taken, and their bones, which might serve a variety of useful purposes, are left to bleach on the shores. Often, too, the river affords a grave for the unfortunate animals.

The prediction of this explorer seems rapidly to be coming true. Letters from Leopoldville this year say that the hippopotamus hunters have now to travel many miles for their prey, which was formerly found in great numbers within easy reach of the station.

Von Francois described a half savage, half comic occurrence on the Upper Congo that illustrates the remarkable fondness of the natives of that region for animal food. While he was steaming up the river one day Mr. Grenfell shot a hippopotamus, and the crew drew the huge animal on shore to cut it up. They had not been engaged in this work more than five minutes before they were surrounded by a great crowd of natives, who watched the operation with the keenest interest. The tongue and best parts of the flesh were reserved for the steamboat hands, who then left the animal and gave the natives a chance.

With uplifted knives the crowd rushed upon the remains and began to slash away on all sides. Scores of the natives could not get near the body, and they began to push and pull their more fortunate comrades with frantic eagerness. Those whose knives were within reach of the coveted flesh knew a good thing when they had it, and they did not propose to yield an inch of ground. They would slash away for a minute, then stop to fight the rear guard off, and then renew the cutting process. The pushing, struggling, howling mob made quite an exciting scene. Then the unfortunates in the rear, unable by dint of muscle to gain access to the creature, gathered handfuls of sand, which they showered over the hippopotamus butchers, endeavoring to blind them.

So the battle went on until finally those who were nearest the carcass rolled it over and over into the water until it was entirely submerged. From this vantage ground they continued the work of cutting up the animal under water until every scrap that was edible was secured. This means that there was very little left but the skeleton, for the average Congo native is not at all particular. He even cuts up the thick hide of the river horse into small bits, and, after boiling it a long time, manages to swallow it with great apparent delight.—Chicago Tribune.

Oxidized Water in Medicine.

It appears from the statements made in medical quarters that peroxide of hydrogen, or oxidized water, is rapidly taking an important place in medicine being declared not only good or useful, but really necessary. As ordinarily known, the peroxide of hydrogen is 3.2 per cent. solution, yielding fifteen times its volume of oxygen; and in its application this solution is said to be nearly as bland as water, causing smarting only on such surfaces as the interior of the eye or nose, yet it acts so powerfully as a germicide, as to kill anthrax spores in a few minutes. The chief value, however, of the peroxide is asserted to be in stopping suppuration and sterilizing wounds, which it does more effectually than any other substance. As claimed, it cleanses all pus from cavities not easy to reach, as in abscess of the brain, and so thoroughly are the microbes devitalized that one application only is often quite sufficient to stop abrupty formation of pus and cause the speedy healing of large surfaces. In openings on the eye it has been of special service, and is also claimed to bring away diphtheritic membrane very quickly and easily.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

—How to make a bell of aluminum is something the scientists have speculated about without success. There is believed to be a beautiful silvery sound to aluminum, but in most forms the new metal is about as harmonious as a pig of lead. Prof. Alfred Springer, of Cincinnati, believes he has discovered the way in which to bring out the musical quality. He takes a sheet of the metal and reduces the thickness until he gets the highest possible vibration without injury to the quality of the tone. Of course, the thickness of the sheet must vary some, according to the tone.

CITY DIRECTORY.

Of the Principal Business Houses of Roanoke.

The following is published daily for the benefit of strangers and the public generally. It includes all trades and professions and cannot fail to prove of interest to all who intend transacting business in Roanoke:

ARCHITECTS.
WILSON & HUGGINS, 194 Third avenue.
BROTHERS DE SAUSSURE & WATERS, O'Leary Building, Jefferson street.
GUSTAF BOTTIGER, Masonic Temple.
WM. C. NOLAND, Over Commercial Bank.
WM. L. REID, Masonic Temple.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
CHARLES A. McHUGH, Room 10, Kirk Building.

BANKS.
FIRST NATIONAL, Salem ave. & Henry st.

BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, ETC.
I. BACHIRACH, 54 Salem ave.

BRICK AND TILE WORKS.
WEST END, off, 108 Jeff. st.

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F. J. AMWEG, Commercial Bank Building.
FRANK H. MAY, 305 Jefferson st., P. O. Box 9.
T. C. OAKLEY, Builder and Contractor. All kinds of building done, either wood, brick or stone. Fine stores and residences and large storage houses a specialty.

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NAT. BUS. COLLEGE, 3rd ave. & Henry st.

CANDY, MAN'FR, FANCY CAKE BAKER & ICE CREAM FURNISHER.
CATOGNI'S, 50 Salem ave.

CLOTHIER, TAILOR AND HATTER.
JOS. COHN (E. M. Dawson, Manager), 44 Salem ave.

COAL, WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.
J. C. F. HELL & CO., 219 Salem ave. s. w.; tel. 19.
NOTTINGHAM & L. L. L. F. (paved stone and kindling wood), 7 Commerce street.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
B. F. ALLEN, 3 Commerce st. (wholesale dealer in fruit and produce), "phone 129.
O. P. EVANS & SON, 310 Salem ave. (wholesale fruit and produce dealers), Tel. 121.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES & JEWELRY.
D. L. SOLOMON, 108 Salem ave.

DRUGGISTS.
HALLER & BARNES, corner Jefferson & Norfolk ave.; tel. 300.
ROANOKE DRUG CO., 21 Campbell st., tel. 47.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
G. W. SISLER, 407 Second st. n. e. (caskets, caskets, robes, etc.), Tel. 109.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, ETC.
COPPER & STONE, 10 Salem ave. s. e.

GROCERS.
R. J. ECKLOFF, 31 Jefferson street.
F. H. WALKER, Campbell st. 1 door east of Jefferson.

HARDWARE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
BROWN, JOHNSTON & CO., 11 Jefferson street, Telephone 45.

HAY, GRAIN, &c.
DANIEL & HOLLADAY, 14 Kirk, rear P. O.

IRON CONTRACTOR.
CUSIMAN IRON CO., Commercial Bank Bldg.

LIQUOR DEALERS.
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MERCHANT TAILORS.
FARNEY, 155 (upstairs) Jefferson.
KESTER'S (Imported and Domestic Suitings), 107 First st., TIMES BLDG.
LEWIS (rear First Nat. Bank), 105 Henry st.

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ROANOKE SANITARY PLUMBING CO., No. 10 South Jefferson Street.

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SIMMONS, CARPENTER & TINSLEY, 103 Jefferson st.

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M. H. O'MOHRDRO, 48 Jefferson street.
WILBUR S. POLE & Co., No. 8 Jefferson st.

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SEWING MACHINES.
NEW HOME, J. A. CAMPBELL, Agent, 307 Henry street.

STEAM LAUNDRIES.
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ROANOKE, 129 Kirk ave. s. w., tel. 116.

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ROANOKE TRANSFER COMPANY, Package Room, 8 South Jefferson st., tel. 119.

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CHOICE MEATS.
BRADY (keeps the best), stall 6, Market House.
E. B. CATT, stall No. 4 (sausage a specialty).
J. W. HOGAN, stall 8.
THOMAS NELSON, stall No. 9.
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W. N. SALE, stall No. 15.

CURED HAMS, BEEF, LARD, &c.
E. J. KEMP (specialty beef tongues), stall 14.

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C. M. MURDEN & CO. (experienced fisherman), cor. Nelson street.

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